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DISSENT IN THE SOVIET
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RUSSELL W. GIBBONS

THE PERVERT
COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

EDUCATION OF A DIPLOMAT
KENNETH S. DAVIS

THE FEMALE 'EPISCOPACY'
DORIS GRUMBACH

MALCOLM X & JAMES BALDWIN
BRUCE COOK

THOMAS MERTON & THE BUDDHISTS
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NEWS & VIEWS

Coup Team in Chile?

Was there U.S. State Department/CIA involvement in the Sept. 11 military coup overthrowing Chile's Marxist coalition headed by Salvador Allende? Washington is going to great pains to diminish the thought, but not everyone is persuaded that Washington was so non-involved as Washington would have all believe.

Among the latter is the North American Congress on Latin America (NACLA), a research group based in New York and Berkeley. NACLA has come up with what it identifies as a "coup team" that existed in Santiago, featuring members who reportedly assisted in the planning and carrying out of coups in the Dominican Republic and Guatemala, as well as in directing a "pacification program" against leftists in Guatemala at a later time.

Liberation News Service has circulated the membership of the "coup team" to subscribers, adding that "the charge that a 'coup team' existed in Santiago cannot be easily written off." It declared that NACLA's charge must be seen in the context of such information as ITT's offer of $1 million to help finance an overthrow of Allende; U.S. pressure on foreign banks to deny credit to Chile; and the allegation by the recently resigned Chilean Ambassador to Mexico of the existence of a coup plan known as "Operation Centaur."

NACLA's "coup team" was alleged to include 11 members. One was linked to a fascist, paramilitary group in Chile; one to E. Howard Hunt when he was CIA station chief in Uruguay. Several were listed as "political officers" in the U.S. Embassy in Santiago. All but one were "positively identified" by NACLA as CIA.

Pablo Neruda

The widely respected Chilean poet Pablo Neruda died of cancer in a Santiago hospital on Sept. 23, less than two weeks after the military coup that overthrew his friend, Salvador Allende, and the socialist experiment with which he had so closely identified himself. Pablo Neruda was a passionate defender of Chilean liberty and a valiant fighter against foreign economic domination of his country. His death is deeply lamented. It is a great cultural, social and human loss. The following poem is a window on the man, his humanity and his ideology:

THE UNITED FRUIT CO.

When the trumpet sounded, it was
all prepared on the earth,
and Jehovah parceled out the universe
to Coca-Cola, Inc., Anaconda,
Ford Motors, and other entities:
The United Fruit Company, Inc.
reserved for itself the most succulent,
the central coast of my own land,
the delicate waist of America.
It rechristened its territories
as the "Banana Republics"
and over the sleeping dead,
over the restless heroes
who brought about the greatness,
the liberty and the flags,
it established the comic opera:
abolished the independencies,
presented crowns of Caesar,
unsheathed envy, attracted
the dictatorship of the flies—
Trujillo flies, Tacho flies,
Carias flies, Martinez flies,
Ubico flies, damp flies
of modest blood and marmalade,
drunken flies who zoom
over the ordinary graves,
circus flies, wise flies
well trained in tyranny.

Among the bloodthirsty flies
The United Fruit Company lands its ship,
taking off the coffee and the fruit;
the treasure of our submerged
territories flows as though
on plates into the ships.

Meanwhile Indians are falling
into the sugared chasms
of the harbors, wrapped
for burial in the mist of the dawn:
a body rolls, a thing
that has no name, a fallen cipher,
a cluster of dead fruit
thrown down on the dump.

Fight Against Stripping

The Catholic bishops of the U.S. are being asked by the Catholic Committee of Appalachia (CCA), a group representing laity, clergy and religious in 26 dioceses within the 13-state Appalachian area, to examine their investment policies from the viewpoint of Catholic social teaching.

Specifically, CCA wants dioceses to review their diocesan investment portfolios to determine whether they hold any stock in companies engaged in strip mining in Appalachia. The suggestion is that dioceses surrender voting proxies on any such holdings to local Appalachian residents directly affected by strip mining.

This is an idea endorsed by the Committee on Social Development and World Peace of the U.S. Catholic Conference.

A list of corporations and subsidiaries involved in strip mining is being compiled for circulation among Catholic dioceses, institutions and religious communities in an effort to quicken awareness of the consequences of strip mining among stockholders and corporate mangers. Additional information is available from Rev. John Barry, Catholic Committee of Appalachia, 31-A South 3rd Avenue, Prestonburg, Ky., 41653.

Odds and Ends

—W. David Gardner opens eyes in the *Washington Post* to the headhunting practiced in the computer industry: "Alabama's Joe Namath signed with the Jets for a $400,000 bonus, but IBM'S John Clemens signed with Telex for $500,000."

—Under the heading "Trends," the newsletter *Overview* reports that for the first time in more than two decades, Chicago's Catholic Council on Working Life last month omitted its annual, much-publicized Labor Day Mass.

—The legend under a Mike Peters editorial cartoon in the *Dayton Daily News* showing a sportscaster at work: "Today's televised home game is brought to you by those same wonderful people who couldn't bring you tax reform, welfare improvements or national health care. . . ."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Watergate Invective

Levittown, Pa.

To the Editors: This letter is a response to the editorial, "The Moral Issue," which appeared in the July 27 issue. That which was an otherwise intelligent and rational criticism of those involved in the Watergate scandal and subsequent cover-up who refused to view the matter as a direct assault against moral responsibility, degenerated, in the third paragraph to an "ad hominem" invective directed to not only all those Senators serving on the Senate Select Committee, but against two in particular, namely, Senators Howard Baker and Sam Ervin.

I don't know the credentials of the individual who wrote the editorial, but to categorize Senator Ervin as capitalizing on too much "down-home humor," clever retorts and righteous posing is definitely an unjust and partisan accusation. In addition, to infer that the only negligible qualification or attribute that Senator Baker has for Presidential eligibility is his "empty handsome face" is a gross and uncalled-for insult. And to imply that these men are using this Congressional hearing to gain public attention and instant fame is to denigrate the integrity of that august body.

The issue in question is not the revolt of an often ineffectual legislative branch. The critical point at issue is that a crime has been committed—a crime against individuals, the government, and the people of this nation. The fact is that men of irreproachable reputation, indisputable competence in their field, and unqualified integrity and moral responsibility are assiduously attempting to arrive at the truth.

There may or may not be a lot wrong with televised Congressional investigations. But undoubtedly, there is something wrong with destructive criticism and vitriolic denigration. If anyone has capitalized on anything, it has been the author of this editorial, who

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ROME'S RETREATS

The past several months have been a time of startling historical happenings, one result of which has been to shuttle some news developments out of attention or to places of minor focus. The crew of Skylab 2, for instance, returned from a 59-day, 24-million-mile flight in space to a one-column headline in the *New York Times*, and modest treatment in the *Washington Post*. In a normal news period, the feat would have dominated front pages.

One topic area that has been nudged aside by such dramatic events as those in Washington and Chile has been that of religion. But things have been occurring, particularly within Catholicism—not all of them good by any means. For while interest has been riveted elsewhere, from Rome has been coming a steady stream of decisions, none of them stunning in themselves, but possessing a strong cumulative impact. The decisions have had the stated purpose of restoring theological orthodoxies and religious disciplines. But their net effect seems rather to undercut many theological advances of recent years and to recommit the official church to an ancient conservatism. A headline in the Sept. 15 *Informations Catholiques Internationales* clues to the resulting situation, when over a story analyzing current relations between Rome and the World Council of Church, it poses the question: EST-CE DE NOUVEAU L'HIVER?; Is It Winter Again? The answer is in the affirmative.

Perhaps the most controversial of Rome's new decisions has been that denying the request of the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops for a two-year extension of the experiment admitting children to First Communion without first going to Confession. Handed down arbitrarily, and seemingly in contempt of preliminary positive evaluations of the experiment, the decision has caused dismay in many dioceses and homes—not only in the United States but worldwide, since Rome used the American request as a vehicle for establishing global policy.

That action built on several others of debatable merit: issuance of a new directory on pastoral ministry, which among other things admonished bishops against disagreeing publicly with the Pope or with fellow bishops; an order halting unauthorized variations of the prayers of the liturgy; harass-

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ment of theologians, like Hans Küng, pursuing progressive lines of thought; and most especially the gratuitous declaration in early summer reaffirming the oneness and infallibility of the Catholic Church and the truth of its dogmatic formulas. It was the last action that touched off the response evoking the *Informations* headline.

That response came at a meeting in Geneva of the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches, where delegates lamented the radical change from just a few years ago when a certain euphoria existed in relations between Rome and the World Council. SODEPAX—the mixed commission on society, development and peace—was in a settled, creative phase; Catholic theologians, with Rome's approval, took full part in the World Council's Faith and Constitution Commission; Pope Paul had come to call (1969), and talk was heady of eventual adhesion of the Catholic Church to the World Council.

That euphoria began to dissipate last year when Rome let it be known that it would not seek in the near future to be admitted to the World Council. But it was the declaration on oneness, infallibility and dogmatic formulas that appears to have whisked the rest of the euphoria away. As Dr. Philip Potter of the World Council put it, the declaration "seems to have for its basic object the restricting of new means of understanding and expressing the faith and life of the church in the climate of post-Vatican II."

Rome, of course, would dispute negative readings of its recent ecclesial decisions. But the record speaks for itself. Rome has not only retreated ecumenically, but apparently has reinforced the system whereby key Curia congregations unilaterally decide for national hierarchies. If Rome's purpose is to alienate non-Catholics as well as Catholics, it appears to be making headway. One World Council agency has already put Rome on notice that henceforth it will consider only such joint projects as Rome commits itself to in writing. And there are rumblings that all bishops are not going to be docile about the Confession-First Communion decision. These are good signs. Rome should not be allowed to turn back the clocks willy-nilly.

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CHRYSLER SETTLEMENT

BREAKTHROUGH AT DETROIT

"Really, there's no such thing as an eight-hour day. There's ten, twelve hours, six days a week. You have no social life. The only social life you have is in that plant, and if you're stuck on that line all the time, you have nothing!"

That's what it is all about to Joe Alfona, an absentee replacement operator at the sprawling General Motors Vega plant in Lordstown, Ohio. Alfona's job title, in fact, tells something about the nature of the way of work in the automobile industry, where Monday and Friday absenteeism of 20 to 30 percent has become accepted, if decried by a management increasingly aware of the smoldering tensions on the assembly lines.

The significant part of the agreement reached between the United Automobile Workers and Chrysler Corporation last month may in fact be the recognition of this reality of a disagreeable and tension-filled workplace. The pact, reached after the UAW had mounted a week-long strike against Chrysler as the "target" company in this year's negotiations, has provisions which place restrictions on compulsory overtime.

The issue has found little sympathy or even understanding among a car-consumer public which sees auto workers simply as highly-paid industrial workers who make big money because they like to buy new cars. For auto workers, however, it has become a central issue in which they have not only challenged a traditional management prerogative, but have in some instances—as Lordstown—actually defied both the company and their union by changing the rules of the assembly-line game.

The G.M. response to the Chrysler pact, which will set the pattern for the auto industry, was reported as being less concerned with the economic aspects of the package than with the intrusion into the "prerogatives of management." Under the Chrysler provision, no worker would be forced to work more than nine hours a day or on Sunday, and he would be entitled to every third Saturday off. In an industry where 60- and 70-hour weeks are common during the new model production period, this could mean greater long-term changes than any economic settlement.

The three-year Chrysler pact, which auto industry-watchers generally expect will be adopted with few changes by both G.M. and Ford, includes a wage increase of 3 percent in each year of the agreement, plus an additional 12 cents an hour in the first year, making a 5.5 percent increase. The cost-of-living escalator and other economic gains should place the package well above the Administration's 6.2 percent wage guidelines, but not enough to cause any rollback fears.

UAW President Leonard Woodcock called the voluntary overtime provision, along with a "30-and-out" program (a plan where any worker regardless of age could retire after 30 years service after Social Security benefits begin), and an agreement whereby the company would pay the full employee cost of any taxes levied to meet a future national health insurance program "as

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breakthroughs" and precedent-setting. (The "30-and-out" plan, however, was won in steel in 1965.)

The company-pay-all provision for the anticipated national health insurance cost may spur action on this long-sought goal of labor, which was a favorite project of the late UAW leader, Walter Reuther. Under the bill which is being pushed by Senator Edward Kennedy —and which has the backing of the AFL-CIO as well as the UAW—the employer would contribute 3½ percent of the worker's earnings to national health insurance premiums, while the employee would pay 1 percent up to a $150 annual maximum.

Anticipated savings to the company in any such national health insurance law could be as much as half of the estimated employee health cost now. Chrysler negotiators determine that they are now paying in excess of $1,000 annually for health benefits. If such savings occur under national health insurance, then auto workers would receive additional benefits in increased retirement payments or legal insurance, another innovation gaining wider acceptance among some unions. These would be renegotiated in the future, the UAW says.

Apart from the health insurance premium provision and the economic package, the compulsory overtime ban offers the most far-reaching implications for both the workers and industry. They involve the hazy social anthropology of blue-collar sociologists and management executives, of the demands of increasingly vocal black and radical caucuses within Chrysler and to some extent in Ford and G.M. and the determination by many that the whole concept of assembly-line production must and will change.

Perhaps the outstanding recollection of an occasional visitor to a large assembly line is the sudden awareness —and overpowering appreciation of—the comparative silence which results when he emerges from "the line." For the incessant noise of metal and forms and cranes on the lines tends to bind the subconscious of the worker like a halter, and with it a tedious movement of repetition. Eight hours in an innocuous role behind a desk can produce boredom in a white-collar clerk, but nine to ten to twelve hours six days a week with the mind-diminishing aspects of the line, and the restrictions against any form of break—these have produced the eruptions which surfaced in Lordstown last year.

Here more than 5,000 grievances have piled up within the last six months and hundreds more are assured before any Chrysler-type agreement can be instituted within G.M. It was at Lordstown recently that author Bennet Kremen discovered not only a new, young blue-collar generation of workers who were in defiance of both union and management, but who had actually succeeded in implementing their own concept of redesigning the assembly line.

Relay teams, reported Kremen, have been established by the workers without the aid of the company or the union. The same amount of work is done on the line, but in teams relieving each other, with half-an-hour on and half-an-hour off being the standard. "By doubling their speed," he found, "this produces an equal amount of quality and productivity, but gives each person more time off the line. And this has never been done before."

Sociologists would term it an anti-dehumanization team. For G.M. foremen, whose tacit approval is obviously necessary for the procedure to be implemented, it is keeping the line going with the least hassle. To the company, the relay teams, or doubling-up as it is generally known in the plants, do not exist for the record. To the worker, it is simply a logical means of getting the job done and having the opportunity to get a drink of water, go to the john, make a telephone call —things acknowledged as rights by most blue-collar workers but virtually impossible under the work rules of the auto assembly line.

The UAW's Woodcock has paid cognizance to the basic problems which have created the tinderbox of frustrations and anxieties in the industry where most of his members work. He has visited the Volvo plants in Sweden and declared that their production line of teams working on a car from start to finish—thus retaining the long-forgotten concept of pride in work by craftsmen—may be the prototype for the future here. Yet the companies, still clinging to the Henry Ford concept of the line, adamantly refuse to believe that Ford's employees—or Chrysler's or G.M.s—could have a better idea.

That, say the Joe Alfonas, is what they also said about overtime. Now "management prerogatives" in the once sacred area of work-time, has been scratched off. Can the design engineers be far behind?

RUSSELL W. GIBBONS

(Russell W. Gibbons, a frequent contributor, is a labor editor in Pittsburgh.)

COMING

ARMAND SCHWAB, JR., writes about the recent election in Sweden:

"Aside from the un-Swedish drama of a dead-heat, the election drew attention because the Social Democrats had governed Sweden for forty-one years, since before the New Deal, before Hitler. Moreover, there is always a special newsy flavor when one of the European labor or social democratic parties is voted out of office—as if people were voting against Santa Claus and thus proving that Santa Claus is really bad for you."

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REFLECTIONS ON SOVIET DISSENT

PETER STEINFELS

What makes the resistance of dissenting Soviet intellectuals like Andrei D. Sakharov so astonishing is their profound isolation. True, they have their circles of friends, and millions of supporters around the globe. Nonetheless it seems they must speak out from a grey, implacable ocean of hostility or indifference, tiny dots of light in a vast gloom. They have no free press and no judicial due process, which, for all their faults, provide American radicals with a surprisingly sturdy safety net. The Soviet dissenters must perform their highwire act over the yawning pit of total arbitrariness. And the battle seems so uneven—these lucid but isolated voices, these ripples of demonstrations, these mimeographed writings passed from hand to hand like schoolboys' notes slipped under the desks—and against them, Leviathan.

Yet as I read accounts of the daring acts of the Soviet intellectuals and of the massing of support abroad, certain ironic reflections are hard to set aside. Would we find these men, so admirable in the Soviet Union, too prickly on our own shores? When Georges Marchais, leader of the French Communists, insists to newsmen that his Party is unalterably opposed to the return of Stalinism but that, come now, one must not exaggerate—after all, the one trial of Krasin and Yakir cannot be compared to the host of such trials under Stalin; when Marchais points out that the dissidents are only a handful among contented millions; when he adduces the fact that Sakharov could hold a press conference in Moscow as proof that Stalinism no longer exists, I hear a caricatured version of voices in our own society.

The same is true of the charges, made with considerable effectiveness by the hired propagandists of the Soviet government, that the dissident intellectuals are essentially frivolous, supposedly enjoying advantages the rest of the population lacks; above all, that they are "anti-patriotic." Familiar tunes, simply played now at a higher, more ridiculous speed. It is said that there are only a few basic jokes, of which all the rest are variations and elaborations. The same must be true of alibis.

Were the Soviet intellectuals our gadflies instead of Moscow's, how would we react? I recall reading, for example, in a sympathetic French study of Soviet dissent, of the distance between the Soviet dissidents and the mass of people; of the former's impatience, frustration, and occasional contempt at the indifference to justice displayed by their fellow citizens; of the people's suspicion of "elitist" intellectuals who seem to condemn the average man by referring to a higher morality. What grist would all this supply for the alibi mills of our own official intellectual sentries!

What would our amateur psychologists have done with Sakharov's admission that he transferred his efforts from nuclear weapons research to peace activity when "I gradually began to understand the criminal nature not only of nuclear tests, but of the enterprise as a whole"? Would they lecture him on the bad form of referring to the government's defense policies as "criminal," or reflect on his obvious feelings of "guilt"? Had Sakharov's *Thoughts on Progress, Coexistence, and Intellectual Freedom* issued from an American dissident, how many would have dismissed him as a nuclear physicist who had wandered out of his field of expertise, how many would have leapt upon the generalizations without evidence, the naiveté of the vision, the fond hopes transmuted into descriptions of trends? Indeed, the political acumen and knowledgeability of Sakharov and Solzhenitsyn and other Soviet dissenters are not always above question, but we do not let that distract us from the important issues. Would we if it was our ox, not Moscow's, being gored?

There is even a certain irony in the eloquent cable with which Philip Handler of the National Academy of Sciences swiftly and effectively signalled the concern of American scientists for their Soviet counterparts. Handler's cable argued that Sakharov's plea for freedom is "a restatement of the ethos of science itself." Sakharov is a man who "courageously defends the application of the scientific ethos to human affairs." Handler's insistence that science cannot be detached from the circumstances in which it is applied, and that the very "ethos of science" demands responsibility for these circumstances, is welcome; but Handler is surely aware that such matters are essentially political, and his words recall the many debates throughout the '60s in which radicals were warned against politicization of their intellectual disciplines and informed that scholarly bodies could not take positions on political matters.

I do not mean to suggest any lessened regard for the dissenting Soviet intellectuals, or lessened effort on their behalf. Just the contrary. They are incredibly brave, steadfast, and self-sacrificing men, whom this nation, I suspect, admires more at a distance than it would if we had them up close. As I looked back over what I have written, I realize that the image of my first paragraph stems from the words of one of the two great poets who have died in the past weeks. What W. H. Auden wrote in the darkness of September, 1939, might well be repeated as we contemplate the struggle of Sakharov and his comrades:

> Defenseless under the night
> Our world in stupor lies;
> Yet, dotted everywhere,
> Ironic points of light
> Flash out wherever the Just
> Exchange their messages:
> May I, composed like them
> Of Eros and of dust,
> Beleaguered by the same
> Negation and despair,
> Show an affirming flame.

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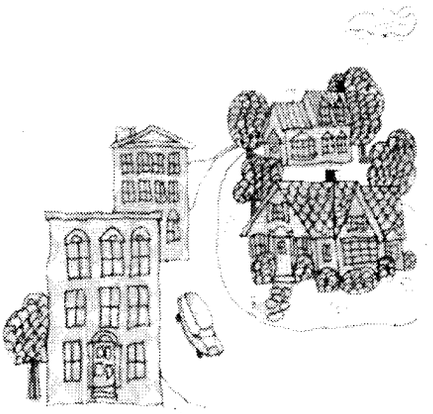
SHRINKING PUBLIC DOLLARS

ALAN G. NASSER



Crisis at the state and local levels

The late 1960s and early 1970s, clearly years of profound economic disequilibrium, have left us with a plethora of grim analyses of national and international economic crises, from the wage-price freeze to the balance of payments deficit and the decline of the Bretton Woods monetary system. Yet comparatively little has been said about the crisis that is burgeoning at state and local levels, and which threatens to affect drastically the lives of an ever-increasing number of American workers. The accelerated deterioration of our cities and the related cutbacks in public services reflect an integrated network of tendencies resulting from both the contingencies of the fiscal crunch that presently characterizes federal, state and local governments, *and* certain structural features of the U.S. economy as a whole. Together, these forces are generating a constellation of public-service cutbacks, debt crises, budget deficits, and tax increases whose cumulative impact augurs hard times indeed for that substantial and growing percentage of workers who are dependent on the state budget for wages and/or services.

That the fiscal contradictions of state and local governments are approaching a socially critical mass is painfully evident. Wage demands of public employees produced a wave of strikes in 1969-71 involving city workers in San Francisco and Atlanta, sanitation workers in New York and Seattle, policemen in Pittsburgh, Milwaukee and New York, postal workers throughout the entire country, and teachers in Scranton, Philadelphia, Newark, Chicago, Gary, Toledo, and a host of other cities and towns. And 1973 was ushered in with massive teachers' strikes in Philadelphia and Chicago, the former affecting 260,000 students and closing down half the city's schools, and the latter closing down more than 600 schools and affecting more than half a million students. Throughout the public sector as a whole, the number of strikes has increased one thousand percent since 1967. This represents a delayed but inevitable response to the decline in real wages of state employees both relative to incomes in the private sector and absolutely, since 1955, when, incidentally, the public sector began to account for the employment of a rising portion of the labor force (since 1955, the government sector has accounted for 25 percent of the total growth of employent in the U.S.).

This rash of work stoppages and wage demands has severely aggravated the fiscal bind on state and local governments already feeling the bite of an historically unprecedented debt crunch. The alarmingly inflated debt structure of the entire economy deserves far more attention than it is currently receiving from economic and political pundits. It is common knowledge among independent observers of the U.S. economy that growth and "prosperity" since the Great Depression have been fueled in great part by massive military spending. What often goes unmentioned is that the defense budget has not been sufficient to maintain relative economic stability since the Second World War; required in addition was a steadily swelling debt burden in both the private and public sectors. In the quarter century since the end of the war the current liabilities (debts requiring relatively rapid repayment) of nonfinancial corporations increased nine times faster than their liquid assets, dangerously undermining the solvency of the average corporation, and producing casualties throughout the entire railroad

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industry, and near-casualties among Chrysler, Lockheed and a number of stock-brokerage firms. Consumers, too, are staggering beneath the onus of spiraling debts. Just as corporations' short-term liabilities have dwarfed their assets, so have consumers' debt payments grown four times faster than their disposable incomes.

State and local governments too have become addicted to larger and larger doses of credit. Between 1947 and 1957, they added more than three billion dollars a year to their total debt load. Between 1957 and 1964 they almost doubled that amount. This combination of skyrocketing private and public debt, drawn from a more or less common pool of savings, has tended to exacerbate existing strains in the credit system, and to tighten the squeeze on those sectors of the economy that are peculiarly dependent on the creation of debt, namely finance, services and government. And state and local governments, especially in their capacities as providers of public services, boggle more visibly under these pressures than does the federal government (whose debt burden, of course, has also soared), since the latter is at least theoretically empowered to create and manipulate the supply of money and credit available for its use, while the former enjoy no such privilege. The lower governments are forced in their efforts to carry an ever-increasing debt burden to rely largely on their limited abilities to raise revenues through taxation. And if this proves politically unfeasible, they have no recourse but to either cut back on public services or raise their cost to consumers.

Thus, Cook County, with more than half the population of Illinois, has recently followed the example of many states and introduced significant cutbacks in public health services (along with a modest increase in the cost of public transportation). By 1971 every state in the union either made or considered welfare cuts; San Francisco county recently reduced welfare payments to $88 per month per recipient. Mayor Lindsay has laid off several thousand New York City employees, paralyzing welfare, health, lead-poisoning, and rat-control programs. And in so doing he acted in accordance with a widening trend; in Cleveland 26 city recreation halls were shut down, and 85 percent of recreation department employees removed from the city payroll. In California and Connecticut, among other states, state hiring was frozen, and California state employees were refused cost-of-living raises. And all current indications project more of the same. Pennsylvania is on the verge of bankruptcy, Connecticut is, in the Governor's words, "wallowing in debt," Michigan faces a huge budget deficit, and Massachusetts expects a Medicaid deficit as high as $200 million. The Governor of Pennsylvania has urged new taxes to avert bankruptcy, perhaps aware that the state of Illinois was able to circumvent disaster three years ago by introducing, under pressure from local government, a state income tax. But perhaps he is also aware that this move was a major factor in ex-Governor Richard Ogilvie's recent defeat at the polls.

All this provides fertile soil for the continued growth of discontent among the poor, minorities and a sizable portion of the middle classes directly or indirectly dependent upon the state budget. The state sector employs 11 million public workers, and tens of millions more depend upon the government for education, welfare services and health facilities. The situation shows no sign of ameliorating. The welfare rolls of our biggest cities are swelling rapidly, and at a rate greater than the increase in total population: in the decade of the 1960s, the population of the U.S. rose by 13 percent, the population on welfare by 94 percent. At the present time, six percent of the total population of the U.S. is on welfare, by conservative estimates. That figure will certainly increase in the years ahead.

The near-apocalyptic dimensions of this crisis remain hidden in the absence of a recognition of the broader structural forces, rooted in the *normal* workings of our economic system, that tend to produce an inexorable worsening of the present state of affairs. And it is on this point that the conventional liberal wisdom is weakest. The persistent "pragmatic" inclination to eschew comprehensive "ideological" considerations in favor of dealing with concrete problems by means of currently available methods, is, in the context of the existing situation, retrogressive. For it is precisely the existing network of established rules and institutions, created in large part by the wealthy and powerful, and reflecting a particular structure of deprivation for some and advantages for others, that imparts to the present crisis its entrenched and unavoidable aspects.

As William Baumol has shown in a classic of contemporary economic literature, productivity does not grow at a uniform rate throughout the economy. Certain kinds of activity are technologically progressive (innovations, capital accumulation, and economics of scale produce a cumulative rise in output per unit of input), while others produce only rare and sporadic increases in productivity. Now as between the private and public sectors of the economy, it is not difficult to know which will display relatively constant productivity, and which will manifest rising productivity. In an economic system whose driving force is expansion and capital accumulation achieved through judicious investment decisions made by owners (or controllers) of private wealth, one cannot but expect the dynamic growth industries to belong to the private, profit-making, sector. The public sector, after all, does not merely stand alongside its private counterpart; it *competes* with it, for manpower, for investment funds, and in the provision of many services. As long as society relies mainly on capitalist enterprise to get its productive work done, the private sector must maintain a substantial competitive edge over the public sector. Salaries, for example, could not be higher

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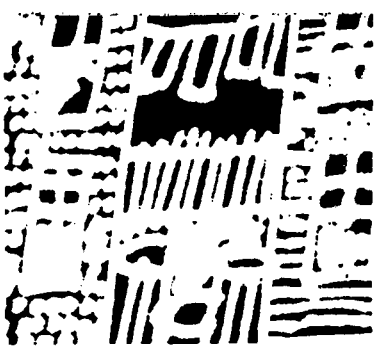
in the public than in the private sector, for everyone deciding on a career would then be attracted into the non- or low-profit sector, thus weakening the "confidence of the business community" and undermining the "incentive to invest." The rate of reward for comparable skills and lengths of training must, in an economy such as our own, be higher in the profit-making sector. For the same reasons, good-sized chunks of profits, sufficient to abate the current crisis, cannot be siphoned off the private economy and channeled into public services. Indeed, our astute capitalist will remind us that a thriving private economy is a necessary condition for a solvent public sector. After all, the latter is supported from the taxation of private income.

The same rationale limits the effectiveness of debt finance to propel public programs. As James O'Connor has shown, private bankers are reluctant to finance bond issues at state and local levels unless they can be assured that the capital improvements will expand the tax base by encouraging new private investment and the growth of employment and incomes. Local governments



are required, in effect, to pledge their taxing powers to the banks before large-scale bond issues will be floated.

But nowhere is the built-in impoverishment of the public sector more evident than in the way the cost structure of the economy reinforces and deepens the present crisis. It is well known that wage increases, in whatever sector of the economy they occur, *tend* to spread to other sectors. This is due in large part to both the successful struggles of labor unions in their efforts to adjust wages in accordance with increases in labor's productivity, and to the not insignificant degree of mobility existing in most labor markets. These factors make it unreasonable to expect wages in the one sector to tend to lag indefinitely behind wages in the other. This tendency for wages to increase in accordance with rising productivity operates with few impediments in the private sector, but it is continually frustrated in the public sector, for the following reason. Wage increases count as rises in *costs*. Such cost-increases are no threat to the private sector, since they are typically more than offset by cumulative increases in productivity. But no such increases exist in the non-profit sector, where productivity is relatively constant. For example, if wages and productivity in the dynamic sector rise at the same rate, real costs will not rise at all. But if wages go up in the public sector, while productivity does not, every such wage increase will add to the cost burden. Thus, assuming that wages will not remain constant in the long run in the private sector, the very dynamism of the latter will inflate the cost structure of the government sector, producing further depression and intensifying the pressures both to add to an already intolerable debt load, and to extract additional tax revenues from an increasingly tax-weary population.

It is important to see that we face profoundly entrenched structural forces that are built into the *normal* functioning of our economy. Assuming that productivity and wages will continue to increase in the private sector (a reasonable assumption in a functioning free-enterprise system), and that such wage increases will tend to spread throughout the economy as a whole, there will be a built-in tendency for the cost-structure of the relatively non-progressive sector to inflate. Now services such as education, health care, police protection and social services, provided by lower governments, belong of course to the non-dynamic sector. We can expect, then, that the upward trend in the real costs of public services will continue to mount in the future.

Workers, of course, will bear the brunt of bigger and bigger municipal budgets. The inherent limits of debt-carrying will force further cutbacks in public services, decreases in the number of public employees, both by termination of contracts and freezes on hiring, and denials of cost-of-living raises. The interests of public workers and public clients will continue to be jeopardized, and these groups will continue to turn to self-defensive action. New state employees' unions are materializing at an encouraging rate, and existing unions are both growing and turning to more radical demands. The New York Transport Workers Union and sections of the American Federation of Teachers have demanded that tax burdens be shifted to business, thereby relieving workers of the "duty" to pay for salary increases.

In addition, organized tendencies have formed in efforts to increase popular control of state expenditures and to end crazily spiraling tax increases. One such force is Citizen's Action Program (CAP), a Chicago citizen-group composed of and controlled by middle-class taxpayers, and staffed by an astute core of young, radical organizers and researchers eager to make their skills available to families, homeowners and senior citizens well aware of the power of corporations and private wealth to rig the federal tax system and to play property tax jurisdictions off against each other.

Since CAP is convinced that state and local taxes exploit workers more than do federal taxes, its most energetic efforts and decisive victories take place at the local level. CAP's researchers dug into Cook County assessment rolls and produced much chagrin in the office

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of Assessor (and Daley-machine stalwart) P. J. "Parky" Cullerton with the discovery that the under-assessment of four large steel mills (Interlake, Republic, Wisconsin, and U.S. Steel) had cost County taxpayers more than $100 million since 1962, and $27 million in 1970 alone. Of that $27 million, the under-assessment of U.S. Steel accounted for $16.4 million, half of this at the expense of the County's schools. Also disclosed were major underassessments of five County racetracks and the First National Bank of Chicago. And CAP gets results: in 1972 Cullerton, under persistent citizen pressure, added more than a half billion dollars in property value to the assessment rolls, involving an increase of 21 percent on each of the five racetracks, and 46.8 percent on the four steel mills. The assessment on U.S. Steel alone was raised from $45.7 million to $85.5 million. Cook County's working population gained to the tune of more than $60 million.

That the taxation mechanism does not operate haphazardly but benefits the wealthy at the expense of the poor is amply demonstrated by CAP. A striking example is CAP's disclosure that the County property tax collection process was designed to make the County borrow to meet current expenses. Such debt-creation cost taxpayers almost $110 million in interest payments between 1966 and 1970—$37.5 million in 1970 alone. And CAP is quick to publicize that every penny of this goes straight to wealthy bankers and investors.

CAP sees its work as having just begun. Through continuing research, neighborhood meetings, community organizing and marches on Mayor Daley's office, among other tactics, it hopes to raise popular consciousness and mobilize "people-power." Among its long-range goals: to replace the property tax with a progressive, loophole-free income tax. But CAP realizes that such goals must be pursued *nationally* before "power to the people" can become a major social force. Says Co-Chairman Paul Booth, "We want to be part of a national assault on the power of corporations and private wealth. But we think that such an assault can only be successful when there are popular organizations like ours throughout the country that can make the massive discontent of the American people felt in a way that transforms the relations of power in the society."

MERTON AND THE BUDDHISTS

MICHAEL ZEIK

Had he outgrown his Catholicism?

What the hell was Thomas Merton doing way out in Bangkok, Thailand, when he died five years ago? Rumors and questions have gathered round the name of the deceased like flies around honey. (He is, after all, the only Trappist monk in history whose death notice made the front page of the *New York Times*. And, Martin Luther aside, perhaps no other monk stayed on the best-seller list for so long a time.)

But how come he did not die peacefully in his monk's cell at his own abbey of Gethsemani? Is it true that he had grown tired of the attention and the many involvements thrust upon him in America, and that he had gone off to the Himalayas in the hope of finding more perfect solitude?

More than that. He had become a convert to the Catholic Church while still a very young man—still a student at Columbia University, as a matter of fact. Had he outgrown his Catholicism? Had 30 years of study and meditation convinced him that Buddhism was "the greater vehicle," the "Mahayana" of all the world religions? Ever since his death there has been talk about such possibilities; indeed, one publisher made money by suggesting on the dust-jacket of his book that Merton had made the pilgrimage, spiritual as well as geographical, from Rome to Bangkok.

I have before me a copy of *The Asian Journal of Thomas Merton* (Edited from his original notebooks by Noami Burton, Brother Patrick Hart and James Laughlin. Illustrated, 480 pp. New Directions, $12.50), the last work to come from the pen (literally, the pen) of Thomas Merton. This work was lovingly and painstakingly pieced together from the cryptic, almost shorthand, notes Merton made on his last journey, by a group of editors evidently as familiar with his handwriting as his mind. Merton's *Journal* finally lays to rest all the rumors and theological scuttlebutt.

Did Merton yearn for a more contemplative life than his fame and his literary and social involvements allowed him in the eastern U.S.? Yes. Was he planning to settle down in a hermitage nestled in the Himalayas? No. He was, as a matter of fact, looking around for a quieter spot; but not, as it turned out, in Asia. He was interested in the possibility of Alaska—or even California.

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He asks himself whether such a move to an Alaskan hermitage would be temporary or permanent. Would he ever definitely sever ties with the motherhouse, Gethsemani? Then he answers his own questions:

> I do not think I ought to separate myself completely from Gethsemani, even while maintaining an official residence there, legally only.* I suppose I ought certainly to end my days there. I do in many ways miss it. There is no problem of my wanting to "leave Gethsemani." It is my monastery and being away has helped me to see it in perspective and love it more.

Time and time again, the Christians he met throughout his trip suggested to Merton that India, Ceylon, Thailand, Indonesia, etc., needed his presence, needed the presence of another Christian contemplative community—of which he might be the appropriate founder. Always his reaction was the same: he felt no call to settle down permanently in Asia, either as a solitary contemplative, or as the founder of a new monastery.

What about the larger question of his Christian faith? Are we to conclude from his great interest in and respect for Eastern thought (Buddhism in particular), that, at the last, he had outgrown the parochial Jewish sect known as Christianity? He had, after all, embraced that faith 30 years ago—a long time, in our age, for spiritual and ideological loyalties to endure.

Merton does not dodge the question. He does not say that his faith is an easy matter. He does not feel that *anyone's* faith is an easy matter. Faith is more akin to swimming than to floating. New waves are forever bearing down upon you. You either put one arm out in front of the other and make the effort, or you sink. The analogy is mine, not his. What he says is this:

> Faith means doubt. Faith is not the suppression of doubt. It is the overcoming doubt, and you overcome doubt by going through it. The man of faith who has never experienced doubt is not a man of faith. Consequently the monk is one who has to struggle in the depths of his being with the presence of doubt, and to go through what some religions call the Great Doubt, to break through beyond doubt into a servitude which is very, very deep, because it is not his own servitude, it is the servitude of God Himself, in us.

Nevertheless, a paramount question remains. Granted Merton lived and died as a Christian, lived and died as a Christian contemplative monk, to what extent does that fact represent a deliberate and voluntary decision, and to what extent a geographical *fait accompli?* Was it anything more than a cultural and 'longitudinal' accident that Merton ended up as a Trappist, rather than as a Buddist, monk? A follower of Yeshua, the itinerant rabbi; rather than Siddhartha Gautama, the Shakya prince? How did Merton come to understand the relationship between Christian contemplation and oriental mysticism?

He never addressed the question in a formal theological manner. Contemplatives are not so much logicians as they are 'experiencers.' Nevertheless, it is not too difficult to ascertain that he found a "middle way" —one which saved both the authenticity of the Eastern quest for the absolute, and the unique Way of the Nazarene. He did so, moreover, several years before the Second Vatican Council (adopting Karl Rahner's view of the problem), made it a commonplace to recognize the nobility of Buddhism, Hinduism, etc.

Indeed, four years before the promulgation (Oct., 1965) of the "Declaration on the Relationship of the Church to Non-Christian Religions," Merton was comparing (in *Mystics and Zen Masters*) the *prajna* (wisdom) of Mahayana Buddhism—a kind of transcendental unconscious—to the light which, according to John (I:9), "enlightens every man coming into this world." But he wanted to write of Zen, not as a Western theologian or philosopher, a critical, objective outsider; but as far as was possible, from the inside, as a practitioner. This was the easier because, as he wrote in '61, "Zen is not theology, and it makes no claim to deal with theological truth in any form whatever. . . . It is a concrete and lived ontology which explains itself . . . in acts emerging out of a certain quality of consciousness and awareness."

Merton, quoting Daisetz Suzuki, even points out that the ineluctable fulfillment of Zen is *love*. Unlike Christianity, however, Zen appears to lack a transcendent, personal center on which love can converge. "That center," writes Merton, "is the Risen and Deathless Christ in Whom all are fulfilled in one." (*Mystics and Zen Masters*)

> There can be no question of a facile syncretism, a mishmash of semireligious verbiage and pieties, a devotionalism that admits everything and therefore takes nothing with full seriousness. . . . There must be a scrupulous respect for important differences, and where one no longer understands or agrees, this must be kept clear—without useless debate. There are differences that are not debatable, and it is a useless, silly temptation to try to argue them out. Let them be left intact until a moment of greater understanding. (*Asian Journal*)

Merton's is indeed a *middle* path, and as such will satisfy neither the spiritual imperialists nor the doctrinal relativists; neither the fundamentalists nor the syncretists. There are differences which must be respected; there are samenesses which must also be respected. Eastern and, especially, Western contem-

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* This probably alludes to the fact that Merton preferred, and already enjoyed, the privilege of living in a hermitage, detached from, but supported by the Abbey of Gethsemani.

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platives have something to learn from each other.

> I think we have now reached a stage of (long overdue) religious maturity at which it may be possible for someone to remain perfectly faithful to a Christian and Western monastic commitment, and yet to learn in depth from, say, a Buddhist or Hindu discipline and experience. I believe that some of us need to do this in order to improve the quality of our own monastic life and even to help in the task of monastic renewal which has been undertaken within the Western Church. (*Asian Journal*)

What the pragmatic American mystic (it's not so contradictory as it sounds) had learned, not so much from books as by personal experience, was that Buddhist and Christian contemplatives, *practitioners* of silence, poverty and purity of heart, could recognize, almost immediately, one another's authenticity of quest and spiritual attainment. This flash of personal recognition between Merton and Buddhist monks occurred several times. "We seem to recognize in one another a certain depth of spiritual experience," he wrote in his Journal. Indeed, he tended to credit Eastern contemplatives with "a deeper attainment and certitude" than Western contemplatives.

And that, of course, is why Merton made the trip in the first place. There were many other reasons cited: his visitations to Christian monastic communities in Asia, as a token of good-will and interest on the part of their Western brothers; secondly, to give a formal address to a convocation of monks, Buddhist, Christian, Sufi, etc., held in Bangkok, December, 1968. But the real reason was his own sense of the drift of world history, the still breath of God within the cyclone of human affairs.

We are witnessing the growth of a truly universal consciousness in the modern world, he wrote. (That much of Teilhard de Chardin he surely agreed with.) "This universal consciousness may be a consciousness of transcendent freedom and vision, or it may simply be a vast blur of mechanized triviality and ethical cliché." The world stood in danger of losing a spiritual heritage that had been painfully won out of the blood and chaos of history by saints, prophets and contemplatives. It was the duty of monks all over the world to give witness to that heritage, to keep alive the contemplative experience, and to keep the way open for modern technological man to recover possession of his own inner depths. It would take a combination of "the natural techniques and graces . . . that have been manifested in Asia and the Christian liberty of the Gospel . . . to bring us all at last to that full and transcendent liberty which is beyond mere cultural differences and mere externals . . ."

Well, the man has been dead for five years. What does it seem his place is going to be in the history of religion? Without any of the false piety he detested, I think we may say he is going to be important.

For one thing, the infatuation with Harvey Cox's "Secular City" didn't last through the decade of the '60s. Men do not seem able to live in that closed a universe. Take away God and the supernatural and we soon start seeing flying saucers and Martians all over Kansas. 'Cosmic' claustrophobia is the very worst kind.* Very soon after Cox sold the churches on demystification, and they dropped the gorgeous robes, the solemn rites, and the emphasis on contemplation—not that I equate the significance of these things—a significant slice of the younger generation rediscovered the dimension of "mystery" for themselves.

And if the desiccated rationalism of Western religion allowed them no scope, they would ply their trade in the East. R. S. Ellwood, who has published a study on the matter, estimates that there are now half-a-million serious American disciples of Eastern religions—not to mention innumerable thousands more of part-time practitioners of various forms of yoga and 'transcendental meditation.' The total number of people in this country influenced to *some* degree by Eastern mysticism is now probably several millions, according to his investigations. These people, most of them, are completely innocent (through the default of the churches) of the fact that Christianity—and Judaism, too, for that matter—have their own mystical traditions. By no means ignoble ones, either.

The spastic embrace of all that is oriental, the attempt to jump out of one's own cultural skin, is not apt to lead to religious balance. That's understated. The dangers here are less visible and less dramatic than, let us say, in the indiscriminate use of mind-bending drugs, but they are real, nonetheless. No serious aspirant, Christian, Hindu, or Buddhist, ever elects the steep and tortuous path of interior contemplation without a spiritual guide, a guru. What St. Bernard warned in the 12th Century remains true today: "The man who follows his own advice is the disciple of a fool!"

Merton's middle way is a way of discrimination. Not *everything* Eastern is equally valuable for the spiritual development of a Western novice. One example. He quotes in his Journal a scholar's impressive analysis of a mandala—a diagrammatic picture, often a symbolic representation of the entire universe, used by some Hindus and Buddhists as an aid to meditation:

> So the mandala is no longer a cosmogram but a psychocosmogram, the scheme of disintegration of the One to the many and of reintegration from the many to the One, to that Absolute Consciousness, entire and luminous, which Yoga causes to shine once more in the depths of our being.

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* Cox couldn't stand it himself! His next book, *Feast of Fools*, throws open a lot of the doors he had previously slammed shut.

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Merton's comment on reading the above is, "I have a sense that all this mandala business is, for me, useless. It has considerable interest, but there is no point in my seeking anything there for my own enlightenment. Why complicate what is simple?"

Worse gurus than Merton could be found for our budding mystics. Born in England, raised in France, he nevertheless incorporates many of the more likable American traits. His judgment and speech are direct, whether he is commenting on "a mean white dog that pissed and scratched in the marigolds"; or noting the dissension caused in an Indian village by one of the local girls' getting "knocked-up."

And yet this essentially American monk, blunt and direct as he could be, closed his address to an assembly of Hindu, Buddhist and Christian leaders in Calcutta, as follows:

> I will ask you to stand and all join hands in a little while. But first, we realize that we are going to have to create a new language of prayer. And this new language of prayer has to come out of something which transcends all our traditions, and comes out of the immediacy of love. We have to part now, aware of the love that unites us, the love that unites us in spite of real differences, real emotional friction. . . . Let us therefore join hands, as we did before, and I will try to say something that comes out of the depths of our hearts. . . . I have no idea what I am going to say. I am going to be silent a minute, and then I will say something.
>
> Oh God, we are one with You. You have made us one with You. You have taught us that if we are open to one another, You dwell in us. Help us to realize there can be no understanding where there is mutual rejection. . . . Fill us then with love, and let us be bound together with love as we go our diverse ways. . . . Love has overcome. Love is victorious. Amen.

SAM BRADLEY

ANOTHER FOREVER?

A winter drifts in a fall,
and again, drifts into a spring.
But here is full summer
and a white rose.

A music is shadow-led.
It vines vaguely toward me.
I gave you a white rose. And now,
after the shattered days,
it still seems the gift
of a first forever.

Here now is the inlace of summer light
and quieted dazzlement.

THE PERVERT

THE SCREEN

Much of Claude Berri's new film, *Le Sex Shop,* is pretty explicit stuff and will shock anyone not yet completely inured to pornography. But I'm afraid I can't recommend the film as first-rate pornography itself. Take the scene where the hero, Claude (played by Berri, who also wrote the script), is trying to make love to his wife Isabelle (Juliet Berto). Having maneuvered her into a most extraordinary position as they both balance nude on the bed, Claude peers into his sex manual to find out what the next step is. He's not quick enough, though, because he can't read the manual by the light that silhouettes them from a window behind where they are lying. At last Isabelle loses her patience, if not her interest, and leaves Claude to study his text alone.

Someone should have pointed out to Berri that to make a scene like this pornographic, you must light it from the front, not the back. Indeed, so far as pornography is concerned, one might say in general that Berri has got it all backwards. He doesn't know how to tantalize us, or how to simulate the prowess of which sexual fantasies are made. The sad consequence is that *Le Sex Shop* is merely bawdy and erotic without ever achieving prurience. It is a waste of the voyeur's hard-earned money—a gross perversion of everything pornography stands for.

The trouble lies in poor Claude, who is just an innocent abroad in an over-sophisticated world. At first Claude seems the more able sort of modern hero that is truly open to all possibilities. How else should one interpret the sensibilities of a man who can switch from selling *belles lettres* to selling pornography without seeing any contradiction in doing so? Claude runs a legitimate bookshop that is in financial trouble, so when an old acquaintance offers him a franchise in hard-core magazines and sado-masochistic gear, he simply has the shop redecorated and turns over the stock. This brings him into contact with all sorts of fascinating people, including a dentist who likes to swap his wife, a lesbian shop assistant and a scholarly collector who lectures him on the fine points of his merchandise. Claude really does want to be accommodating to all these people, especially the dentist's wife, but he always seems to bungle the opportunities they offer him.

Whatever the reason for Claude's failings may be, the blame certainly doesn't lie with society. It would be hard to imagine a world more congenial to group sex, voyeurism and fetishes than Claude's is. When Claude's backer gets through redecorating the store, for instance, it isn't some dingy smut shop trying to hide its inventory

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from public view. On the contrary, it is virtually indistinguishable from any of the chic, modern apartments where the characters in this film live. It is a place where the bourgeoisie can, and apparently do, feel right at home. It fits in with polite society and has nothing to hide—nothing to apologize for or be embarrassed about. In fact, Claude's bookshop as he originally had it is the only decor that looks out of place in this film (or rather, to be more precise, out of date). Everyone in French society from the prostitutes on the corner to the dentist to Claude's own mother-in-law can accept readily the business Claude has gone into, so why can't Claude?

Well, he just can't, that's all; and it's enough to ruin the film. Like his original shop, Claude himself is out of it. He is disoriented. He's in a daze. When the dentist takes him to his favorite sex club for the first time, Claude just stands there dumbfounded. Everyone wants to see him make it with the dentist's wife, but as soon as they all gather around to watch, Claude fails them again. The sordid truth is that poor Claude is a sexual deviant. He has hang-ups and inhibitions and anxieties. Far from being open to all possibilities, as we had hoped, Claude proves in the end unable to make it with anyone except his wife. This being the case, we can only conclude that Claude has been in the wrong business from the start, and we even have the feeling that Claude has come to this conclusion too when the cops close down his shop at last.

Le Sex Shop is the fourth film that Claude Berri has made, more or less, about himself, and all of them have been set against glamorous backgrounds like the pornography business. The first film was set against the Nazi occupation of France, and another one took place during the Algerian war. But unfortunately, the character of Claude hasn't really developed in any of them. In *Le Sex Shop* Claude is still pretty much the same person that the little boy was in that first film, *The Two of Us*. In that film little Claude, who had to take refuge from the Vichy government because he was Jewish, was sheltered by an old curmudgeon who also turned out to be an anti-Semite. In this new film, though Claude's jeopardy may be less, his circumstances aren't so different. The Claude we see today has just about as much chance of fitting into a society of swingers and libertines as that little Jewish boy had in a country run by the Nazis. No matter how much the world changes for the better, Claude always seems to be out of it.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

an exchange of views
Celibacy & Marriage

Chicago

To the Editors: Michael Novak's article "On Celibacy and Marriage" [July 27] is bound to provoke much thought and perhaps discussion. Some readers might be aghast at what they might consider Novak's deviationism from the liberal and humanistic. But I, for one, welcome what I perceive as Novak's deep Christian and humanistic meditation on Christian or Catholic celibacy. He says well so many things that modern Christion celibates feel and would like to express but can't articulate. It might seem paradoxical to some that a Christian married man like Michael Novak has grasped and understood the mystery and centrality of Christian celibacy far better than many modern celibates. Perhaps it is because the mystery of Christian marriage illuminates the mystery of Christian celibacy and the mystery of Christian celibacy illuminates the mystery of Christian marriage. . . .

(REV.) GINO M. DALPIAZ, C.S.

No. Dartmouth, Mass.

To the Editors: Michael Novak's article [July 27] moves me to thank you for printing material on marriage and celibacy. He knows well—from first hand—whereof he speaks, having been committed to celibacy and now to marriage. He can empathize well with the priests, like Phil Berrigan, who have moved freely into marriage.

I do not feel love, however, in his statement: "A new breed of restless priests roams about seeking women to devour. It is revolting to see so many persons committed publicly to a symbol of transcendence and in the name of 'genuine relationships' and 'honesty', and 'self-fulfilment,' making that symbol a public lie . . . Meanwhile they know so well how to protect themselves . . . what do they think women are? What do they think sexuality is? . . ."

I know Michael speaks from a broken heart to think aberrations occur in celibates—as in married persons. But this statement seems so general, so all-embracing; he does not delimit his condemnation but charges all "new breed priests" with this demonic, devouring goal. God forbid. I honor women as Michael does and I want to view them through the eyes of Jesus. A few horrible facts do not blacken the whole herd.

PHILLIP KELLY, C.S.C.

Philadelphia

To the Editors: Michael Novak's opinions about celibacy and marriage [July 27] depart from the fine things he has written on angularity and ethnics. These latter topics, as he tells us, stress the particular, concrete and historical dimensions of human intelligence; his

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apology for celibacy highlights the institutional, symbolic, abstract and catholic values. Instead of ethnics and angular truth, we get abstractions: "Married persons need celibacy."

Also, many of the things he says about celibacy, besides being unangular and unethnic, have been around for some time—to wit, it is a signal of eternity, a sacramental presence, potentially dangerous to personal development, and the usual stereotype that the celibate suffers from a common-sense deficiency. The only thing which situates his argument contemporaneously is the initial criticism of the Reverend and Mrs. Philip Berrigan.

And his criticism is unfair. The "better to marry" prescription of St. Paul is very poor marriage advice, since it is not generally interpreted to refer to the interpersonal and spiritual qualities needed for a healthy and lasting marriage. Dear Abby does better than St. Paul or Michael on this score. On another point Michael Novak sides with Rosemary Ruether in protesting against that "new breed of restless priests" that runs headlong and irresponsibly into sexual liaisons. But does Novak realize that Rosemary Ruether has delivered one of the best criticisms of institutionalized celibacy [*Commonweal*, Feb. 2, '73]? Besides, Novak's one-sided defense of celibacy is not convincing. It is clear that he is arguing for priest-celibacy. He does mention the millions of humans on whom life imposes celibacy, willy-nilly, but he is not inspired or edified by the inaudible and unspectacular witness of these millions. Such indifference to lay celibacy leads me to suspect the soundness of his argument.

Finally, Novak may quarrel with Berrigan's explanation of celibacy, but the challenge is to interpret the event; namely, what is the significance of Berrigan's marriage? Novak doesn't accept this challenge, instead he presents a reactionary defense of institutionalized celibacy.

One possible interpretation of this saving event is as follows. It draws attention to a legitimate tradition in the American church for a married clergy. This tradition may be at variance with the Roman tradition; but this variance only indicates that the American church is not the Roman church. The American church, or better, the Baltimore church, since this is where the married couple now resides, is different ethnically from the Roman church; the traditions are not exactly the same. The angular view of the Baltimore church is not the perspective of the Roman church. Such an interpretation would not militate against the unity of the church, but would only place in proper perspective the value of individual traditions. *Vive la Différence*!

WILLIAM G. AYLWARD

Philadelphia

To the Editors: Michael Novak can always be counted on for some serious reflections on almost any topic. His essay on celibacy and marriage [July 27] did not disappoint me. I feel, however, that his castigation of the "new breed of restless priests" (why just the *male* celibates?) who make their celibacy a lie, fails to take into consideration other factors. I am not justifying those (priests or sisters) who roam about seeking others to devour sexually. I am, however, taking exception to his implication that male-female celibate relations cannot be "genuine relationships," or be a great help to "honesty" and "self-fulfillment." It seems to me that while there undoubtedly are some who roam about looking for new sexual conquests under the guise of freedom and openness (by no means all "new breeders" though), there are many others who are perhaps working through undeveloped adolescent aspects of their personalities which has to be done, in any case, if not at 18 then at 25 or 35 or 45. Traditional seminary and novitiate restrictions on male-female friendships were certainly no aid in the development of psycho-sexual identities in most cases. In some cases these new relationships between celibates will lead to a deeper understanding of the meaning of celibacy; in other cases, they will be unable to live with the tensions, and will opt for marriage. Those who seek to continue deep relationships with celibates of the opposite sex will have to be mature, prayerful people who are willing to share their relationships with the communities in which they are involved, and grow together in their understanding of affective sharing compatible with their mutual celibate commitments.

In any case, it seems a disservice to the many celibate priests and sisters who are genuinely exploring new relationships to categorize them as living a lie. Celibates who attempt to develop relationships with other celibates or with married people agree with Father Greeley, who says that "human friendship can sufficiently transcend biological origins to permit man to develop friendships which are not destined by some sort of gonadic determinism to lead to sodomy or adultery" or to a compromise with one's celibate commitment.

(REV.) ROBERT NUGENT

New York, N. Y.

To the Editors: From outside the celibate caste in the Roman Catholic Church, Michael Novak makes a great deal of sense about celibacy [July 27], particularly concerning abuses when celibacy is pretended, but not practiced owing to self-preservational instincts on the part of the "celibate" in question.

Novak rightly asserts that too many "celibate" members of the Church romanticize sexual relations—and/or "the married state"—and that this leads to a tendency to feign a commitment to celibacy which often is in reality an external conformity to legalism for the sake of another end (maintaining one's position in the Church's celibate caste system). Such unfortunate situations will be with the Church, I feel sure, until we have *real* celibacy in the Church. By real celibacy I mean celibacy which is chosen freely for its own sake, not as prerequisite for some other form of witness (e.g., priesthood, even episcopacy).

The meaning of celibacy is that sexual accidents (marriage or virginity, maleness or femaleness) don't matter to one's role in the Church community or to one's function in that community.

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When all forms of Christian community service (diaconate, priesthood and episcopacy) are open to married and nonmarried, male and female, members of the Church, in all rites—*then* we will have *real* celibacy in the Church; not before.

GEORGE DEVINE

Gordonsville, Va.

To the Editors: Very special thanks for your publishing Michael Novak's excellent "On Celibacy and Marriage" [July 27]. It puts to rest much fuzzy thinking.

May I add just one additional comment? The celibate priest as father confessor is closer to the Hindu *guru* than is generally recognized. Though there are married "family *gurus*," it is firmly believed in India that the celibate monk is the one who is able not only to talk about spirituality, but also —through God's grace— to *transmit* it.

As for the old story that unmarried priests cannot "understand" the problems of married laymen, the remark of a rather well known Episcopalian priest always gives me pause. "Don't worry too much about what they say," he said to a rather well known Catholic priest friend of mine in discussing the subject. "They tell me, 'Oh, *you* wouldn't understand. You are *happily* married."

JOHN MOFFITT

Jefferstown, Ky.

To the Editors: . . . The position that celibacy represents that which is eternal and transcendental, and marriage only represents involvement in that which is earthy and "useless" seems to me such an old, tired, and untrue stance. Doesn't it occur to Mr. Novak [July 27] that perhaps the reason why Christian marriage is the "totally dead scene" that Berrigan so names it, is because it has been long unrecognized by, and unstressed to, the 'common folk' that marriage, also, should properly be entered and lived as no less than a total commitment "to the center of existence, to something steady and enduring and eternal"? If this center is really only implicit in marriage, as Mr. Novak contends, and if married persons need celibacy to remind them of the depths they do not plumb, then I would suggest that Mr. Novak is only very discerning of the unused, ignored or repressed spiritual potential of many persons now engaged in marriage.

An ever-developing, insightful spirituality with transcendence and joy as its heart, is the consequence of all life-styles (vocations, commitments) devoted to real living, not the specialty of one life-style more so than another.

BARBARA J. GARDNER

New York, N. Y.

To the Editors: Michael Novak's writing is so compelling in its passion that refutation of areas of disagreement would seem beside the point, if not downright insensitive; but I must respond to his latest article on celibacy [Aug. 24].

Presumably, in order to forestall further self-hatred in the Catholic world on yet another point which the Puritan culture attacks or does not understand, Novak tries to reverse the increasing contempt for institutional celibacy by portraying it as a radical, almost tragic existence which throws the celibate individual smack up against the deepest reverberations and dimensions of life. Terrific.

Why is the great wellspring of Catholic imagination forever championing celibacy as if the whole world and all the intellects therein despised it? Where is the correlative passion and developed intellectual tradition in favor of a life spent in trying to make love? Where does the Catholic lover with a lover's body go in the church today to discover his own radical stance, to be endowed with the same mystery and mystique as the celibate?

The really radical figures of our era, the painters, writers, philosophers, inventors, labor leaders, mystics, politicians—do I have to name names?—were rarely celibate in the professional or symbolic sense. Yet who would pretend that Camus, Chekov, Lenny Bruce, Franz Fanon, Billie Holliday, Sartre, O'Neill, Van Gogh, Gauguin, etc., etc., were living on the myth of romantic love or genital love, and who would pretend that it was the Catholic clergy and not they who showed us the awful face of God? In sustaining the sensual incense and wine of the Roman persuasion there is a long dark night to be traveled into the unromantic terror of all of us, celibate or not, who are trying to look in each other's eyes. Symbols are supposed to embody a self-evident life. We are all living a more powerful symbol than celibacy or marriage. It's time we forgot our conceits and gave the consuming darkness a name. We have got to stop reviving dead flowers. We as a people—Catholics, that is—have not yet assumed the authority of our own experience, which begins not with community belief in the risen lord but with specific flesh and all the infirmity therein.

ANTHONY SCULLY

Reply

These intelligent letters indicate the power of the twin symbols of celibacy and sexuality. Later, I must return to the subject. At present, a few words in reply.

For Father Kelly: It is more than "a few aberrations," but less than the whole "new breed" that I had in mind. The new swinging, sex-experimenting priest—he has become a type—battens on an ideology that his way is sophisticated, liberated, superior. To profess celibacy and simultaneously to play the playboy is cruelly to distort human symbols. To enjoy the company of women is a different matter, a good and healthy sign: True celibacy springs not from misogyny but from a greater love.

For William Aylward: Later, I hope to suggest some practical steps toward the official establishment of a married clergy, alongside a celibate clergy. For certain, the symbols of sexual love and celibacy mean something quite different among the Greeks and in Ireland, in Italy and in Russia, in the Congo and in Guatemala. Even in Baltimore, one can imagine several latent Catholic traditions, not sufficiently represented

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in official practice.

To Fr. Nugent: Affective relationships between celibates and members of the other sex are necessary and often powerful; in emotional intensity they are sometimes piercing. Many great priests and sisters have experienced the dramatic sequence that leads from love to embrace to bodily unity. Altogether human. Still, in the context of celibacy such a relationship, out of which great good can come, is a "fall." Today a shift in ideology tries to make this "fall" a sign of moral superiority. Authenticity, however, also requires fidelity to public symbols.

To George Devine: Incarnation means that bodily "accidents" *do* affect one's roles and functions in a community. Human beings are not pure spirits, and may or may not be interchangeable.

John Moffitt rightly suggests that, while God is present everywhere, celibacy is a symbol of God's presence in some specially powerful way; and that from celibates others seek a special kind of "understanding," not based upon quotidian experience.

Barbara J. Gardner is right that transcendence and joy figure in every walk of life, and that sexual intercourse is a symbol of the "center of existence, steady and enduring and eternal." Yet celibacy and sexuality are *different* symbols, complementary, and mutually reinforcing.

Anthony Scully might appreciate my poor attempts in *Naked I Leave* to fulfill his aims. Graham Greene, François Mauriac, Sigrid Undset, José Gironella, James Joyce—and Chaucer and Dante and Boccaccio—have celebrated lovemaking. This tradition needs to be developed in America and given a more "official" status. But it thrives quite well among men and women everywhere unofficially, without assistance.

One *caveat*: "The awful face of God" is sometimes revealed more poignantly in a mediocre, sad, not very bright cleric than in the powerful voice of the poet, the prophet, and the philosopher; God choosing the humble rather than the great ones of this earth to overwhelm us with his ways.

MICHAEL NOVAK

BOOKS

THE EDUCATION OF A DIPLOMAT

KENNETH S. DAVIS

Witness to History, 1929-1969

CHARLES E. BOHLEN
with editorial assistance from
ROBERT H. PHELPS

Norton, $12.50

This account by Charles E. ("Chip") Bohlen of his distinguished forty-year career in the United States Foreign Service was not in its original form a written one. It was talked into a tape-recorder, then transcribed as a 700,000-word typescript, then labored over for some eleven months by Bohlen and his editor, Robert H. Phelps of the *New York Times*, to make the 220,000-word volume now published. A disarming "Editor's Note" tells us that this "unusual way" was made necessary by the fact that Bohlen doesn't type "and his handwriting, the product of St. Paul's and Harvard, is illegible."

The final product has many of the defects as well as virtues of its manner of composition. Its loose colloquial style is more directly revealing than a polished essay would have been of the Chip Bohlen whom hundreds of people, including many of the great historical figures of our time, have personally known and liked—a warm, kind, generous, modestly unassuming man, possessed of an almost unfailing good humor, much gaiety and shrewd wit, and, in sum, a rare personal charm. But by that same token his memoirs lack the precision of factual definition and logical analysis, the in-depth revelations of personal philosophy, which the stern rigors of formal literary composition would have encouraged if not entailed and which are so notable in the memoirs of his friend and diplomatic colleague, George F. Kennan. Bohlen is an engaging raconteur. His observations of the men, events, and policies with which (or whom) he has been personally involved are always interesting and often acute in their own terms. But the terms themselves seem to me quite severely limited in ways traditionally typical of the Foreign Service, alas; and the prose Bohlen speaks lacks literary distinction.

For whether or not they can be justly blamed for his atrocious penmanship, St. Paul's, Harvard College (or that undergraduate club world which a St. Paul's alumnus automatically entered in Bohlen's day), and the affluent Eastern Establishment within which these educational influences operated, bear large responsibility, on the evidence of this book, for Chip Bohlen himself as mind and character. His is the education of the English upper class, his the basic attitudes of the English country gentleman. He believes and acts upon his belief in "good form," having an acute sense of "what's done" and "not done" in various situations. He attaches great importance to manners, out of a conviction that civility is of the essence of civilization. These are ingredients of a personal diplomacy, an urbane negotiating skill, which has certainly advantaged him as servant or agent of foreign policy. They have as concomitant, however, a certain failure of empathy in dealings with those who are definitely *not* "gentlemen" in the English sense, along with

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an aversion to visceral reactions—that is, to a full frank expression of great enthusiasm or moral outrage or, indeed, emotions of any kind—which tends to atrophy the very capacity for profound commitments, since such commitments are always passionate at their root and core. This militates, I think, against Bohlen's value as a maker of the policy he implements, of the history he witnesses.

It does so especially because his "field of expertise," as he puts it, chosen by him when he entered the Foreign Service in 1929, is American-Soviet relations. For two years in the late 1950s he was ambassador to the Philippines, "exiled" there by John Foster Dulles on whom he pronounces a more sympathetic judgment than seems justified by the factual evidence he presents of Dulles' personal boorishness, self-righteous hypocrisy, and disastrous professional incompetence as a weak President's "strong" Secretary of State. (But then Bohlen seems constitutionally incapable of passing harsh *personal* judgments on anybody, even on the ineffable Joseph R. McCarthy at whose hands he personally suffered or on Russian leaders he regards, with stated reasons, as enemies of mankind. Perhaps his most damning personal indictment is of Ambassador Joseph E. Davies, author of *Mission to Moscow*, whom he describes as "pompous," "arrogant," and "sublimely ignorant of even the most elementary realities" of Soviet government and ideology.) For five years in the 1960s he was ambassador to France, a post rendered difficult by the aloof, prickly personality and extreme egoistic nationalism of Charles de Gaulle, whose portrait is drawn in this book with remarkable clarity and realism. Otherwise Bohlen has made his career almost exclusively within his specialty.

He prepared for it with a two-and-a-half year study of Russian language, customs, geography, history, and economics in the Ecole National des Langues Orientales Vivantes in Paris. He also spent two summers in a Russian pension in Estonia where he was "immersed . . . in the sound and feel of Russian"—a language he learned to speak, write, and read as easily as English. On his Paris schooling he makes one revealing comment: "There were a few lectures in Marxism and Russian history by French professors, but most of our study of such subjects came from books, almost all anti-Communist. . . ." While he was yet in Paris, the Soviet Union was accorded diplomatic recognition by the Roosevelt Administration. Soon thereafter, in early 1934, Bohlen was handpicked by the first U. S. ambassador to Moscow, William C. Bullitt, to be a member of the embassy; and with Bullitt he soon suffered what he calls in a chapter heading "The Shattering of Illusions" about the nature of the Soviet regime and the possibilities of American-Soviet friendship.

In following years he was personal witness to many of the greatest historical events of this century, and active participant in not a few of them. He attended the nauseating showpiece trials of principal victims of Stalin's purges. (After listening for more than an hour to the sentencing of Old Bolsheviks, the refrain, "To be shot, to be shot, to be shot" made him feel "that the top of my head was coming off"; he "could not go to sleep easily for almost a month" afterward.) During the highly secret negotiations leading to the Nazi-Soviet Pact of 1939 he was fed information by a young anti-Nazi in the German Embassy with whom he was personally friendly—information enabling him to cushion the shock for Washington of the Pact's announcement. He was interpreter and, in limited degree, Presidential adviser at the World War II summit conferences in Teheran, Yalta, Potsdam. He wrote the original draft of the historic Harvard commencement address in which Secretary of State George C. Marshall announced the Marshall Plan. (Bohlen brands "erroneous" the widespread belief that Marshall "had no idea of the massive proportion of the program he was suggesting"; the announcement was very carefully drafted and redrafted to produce precisely the effect it achieved in Europe.) Subsequently he was intimately involved in such world historical events as the initiation and waging of cold war, the Berlin blockade, the downing of the U-2 spy-plane in Russia, the Cuban missile crisis. His insider's recounting of these events, along with his personal portraits of principal actors in them—Truman, Byrnes ("an underrated Secretary"), Marshall ("an outstanding Secretary"), Acheson; Stalin, Molotov, Vishinsky, Krushchev; Eisenhower, Dulles, Kennedy, Rusk; etc.—make the book highly interesting to any informed general reader and indispensable to serious students of our foreign affairs.

Most interesting to me are the revelations Bohlen makes of the American cold war mentality which he, for all his personal warmth and kindliness, abundantly possesses. He is preeminently a "practical" man, of pragmatic rather than idealistic bent, and like all who make practical efficacy rather than consistency the test of truth, he inclines now and then toward the belief that ends can "justify" means that are fundamentally, ultimately contradictory of them. Hence his stated and highly dubious belief "that without his [Stalin's] ruthlessness and imperviousness to humanitarian considerations Soviet Russia would never have been industrialized as quickly as she was." (A better case could be made, I think, for the proposition that Stalin's ruthlessness and inhumanity greatly slowed the advance of scientific technology and industrialization.) Hence, also, Bohlen's double-standard of morality when judging Soviet motives and acts relative to our own.

He says, significantly, that when he and Marshall protested the excessively violent anti-Communist rhetoric in Truman's message to Congress proposing the Truman Doctrine they were told "that in the considered opinion of the executive branch, including the President, the Senate would not approve the doctrine without the emphasis on the Communist danger." But he draws no general conclusion from this regarding our action-reaction responsibility for the cold war—lays no stress on the obvious historical fact that Soviet intransigence and defensive aggressive-

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ness have been encouraged if not caused by our own and that Russia's operations in pursuit of what her leaders deem her national interest are of a piece with ours, so far as moral principle is concerned. "Obviously, being what they are," he writes of the Soviets in a policy memorandum, "they would like to make a deal that would be advantageous to them and disadvantageous to us"—as if we didn't do the same. He is "not too sanguine about the agreements reached by the Soviet Union and the United States . . . limiting missile and anti-missile forces" because the treaties have "too many sections open to varying interpretations and, as we have seen, the Kremlin always takes advantage of loose drafting to evade the spirit of treaties." But so do we in this crucial area where, in point of fact, we ourselves (or those minions of the military-industrial complex who allegedly represent us) have often insisted upon looseness of language, vagueness of definition. He says the American public has recently "grown somewhat callous in regard to Soviet behavior" (*he is referring to* Soviet use of force in Czechoslovakia), without recognizing that this may be because of our own brutal behavior in Southeast Asia.

It is with regard to the last, our disastrous involvement in Vietnam, that this book most clearly reveals the ambiguities, the contradictions the weakness or nonexistence of purely moral and humane considerations in Bohlen's all-too-typical approach to policy-making.

When Dulles in the spring of 1954 intimated that the U.S. might send troops into Indo-China to help the French defeat Ho Chi Minh's revolutionary forces, Bohlen advised from Moscow that this indication of "firmness in American policy" appeared to be producing "characteristic uncertainty on the part of the Soviet government when faced with real determination." The Soviets would not seriously risk "military involvement over a geographic area so remote from the borders of the Soviet Union as to have little direct interest" to them. Hence "a solution on our terms" seemed possible in Southeast Asia provided the British and French stood "shoulder to shoulder" with us in the "present firm position." When the Geneva Conference met a few weeks later to settle the Vietnam conflict, Bohlen's initial concern was "that the allies were too eager to give concessions to the Communists." "While I favored an end to the war," he goes on, "I saw no reason to give up more than was necessary to achieve the peace."

Thereafter, as our involvement in Vietnam grew under the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations toward full-scale war, Bohlen privately expressed doubts about it on practical grounds (". . . it seems to me that all Communist history shows that they will never yield to external pressure of this kind"). It did not occur to him to object on moral grounds, and he made no strong direct effort through official channels to effect a change of policy, though surely he could properly have done

"What God has joined together let not man put asunder."

Unless...

Unless the marriage is hopelessly dead. Catholics faced with this situation should be free to divorce and remarry without loss of standing in the Church and without exclusion from the sacraments.

This is the argument that Msgr. Stephen J. Kelleher, former head of the Marriage Tribunal of the Archdiocese of New York, develops with compassion and honesty in this challenging, controversial new book. Delving deeply into the whole concept of marriage and divorce and New Testament teaching on the subject, he demonstrates the legalistic sophistry that for too long has been the basis for the Church's prohibitive position.

He calls upon the Church to adopt a new attitude of trust and respect for the individual, recognize that psychological as well as physical consummation is necessary for a true marriage, and permit the married person—not a Church tribunal—to decide when a marriage must be ended.

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DIVORCE AND REMARRIAGE FOR CATHOLICS?

A Proposal for Reform of the Church's Laws on Divorce and Remarriage by Stephen J. Kelleher

DOUBLEDAY

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so as a Soviet Communist expert who happened at that moment to be ambassador to France—especially since DeGaulle was outraged, morally and every other way, by what we were doing and began saying so out loud by the end of 1966. When Johnson asked him pointblank near the end of 1967, "What would you do about Vietnam if you were in charge of the country?" Bohlen made no directly responsive reply. ". . . I told him that I was not qualified to judge the military value of bombing North Vietnam, but politically it was the worst thing that the United States had done." This was because it "forced the Soviets to extend greater assistance to North Vietnam" and "turned public opinion in Europe against us," not because it murdered thousands of unarmed men, women, children.

To his readers, Bohlen says that, while it "is easy . . . now" to see "that the Vietnam war was a mistake," he doubts "if any President would have been able to wash his hands of South Vietnam. . . ." He does not say why. "The error was not in aiding South Vietnam," he goes on to say, but in our reliance "on firepower which led to heavy casualties among civilians." The result was that "most foreigners and a sizable proportion of the American public came to believe that the war was immoral; the United States was brutalizing the Vietnamese to prop up a corrupt, undemocratic regime." But isn't this far more than a "belief"? Isn't it a precise statement of horrible truth? And why—in God's name *why* —can't Bohlen and his diplomatic kind frankly confess it, with expressions of bitterest regret? We might then have more assurance that this kind of crime will not again be committed by an executive branch operating outside democratic controls.

The Lady Was a Bishop

JOAN MORRIS

Macmillan, $6.95

DORIS GRUMBACH

Joan Morris is an historian and a scholar, and her book is scholarly, tightly packed with fact after fact, and historically interesting. To begin with the carping first, the title is provocative and at the same time wholly misleading. Her thesis is this: widows and deconesses of the early church, and abbesses, until the Council of Trent in the sixteenth century, had some episcopal powers, and participated in the administration and service of the church. They led, in both the East and the West, double communities of monks and nuns, a position into which they were ordained, even so far (according to the Visigothic Sacramentary) as to be invested with sacerdotal robes, the pallium, and the miter. Further, "in the Sacramentary of the Moissac Monastery the rite for abbots and the abbesses was identical. They prostrated before the altar and received the stole." They had, in other words, what Joan Morris calls the *jurisdiction* of bishops. This fact composes part of the fascinating "hidden history" of women in the church, but the catchy title, especially the absoluteness of the verb, is mistaken: these were "quasi-episcopal powers" these women are here revealed to have held. There is no evidence that they were ever empowered to consecrate the Eucharist.

The research for this soundly-based book must have been extraordinarily interesting to do. The writer cites the archives of the world's great research libraries, the Bibliothèque Publique of Mons, Abbeys in France and Spain, and the state and cathedral libraries of France and Germany, as well as the Vatican Library. Her findings, packed together so tight that each sentence is a piece of evidence, and each paragraph a relentless succession of facts, confirms her view that history as we now find it written in public places obscures through prejudice some telling private facts, evades them in fact, or even, she claims, witholds the truth because of "a purposeful malicious hiding of events." It is no help to this careful and scrupulous compilation of data about women in the first fifteen hundred years of church history that the discovery of women overseers, or *episcopae*, of Christian communities, and the abbesses with quasi-episcopal jurisdictoin, is summarized in the book's title as *being* bishops. Clearly they were not, but the scholarship reveals that their positions was far more elevated than a reading of patristic literature would lead us to believe.

The single unconvincing set of proofs in this work is on the subject of Saint Paul. In a gallant but, to my mind, singularly unsuccessful effort to restore the reputation of the allegedly most anti-feminist churchman of them all,

An Impartial View

the HOLY SPIRIT in TODAY'S CHURCH

Controversies continue to rage around the "new Pentecostal movement." Terms such as baptism in the Holy Spirit, speaking in tongues, and gifts of healing are discussed in many groups. Erling Jorstad looks at the facts—both pro and con—but leaves the final judgment to the reader. Discussion questions make the book ideal for group study. *Bibliography.* Paper, $2.75

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she tries to show, in a series of minor examples, that he recognized the importance of women's role in the early church. Alas, the examples do not persuade. True, Paul preached to the women at Philippi ("the women are singled out as the first group to whom to speak in the missionary center"); true, he refers to Phoebe, in *Romans*, as "our sister who is in the ministry of the church," (which the Jerusalem Bible translates as deaconess—*ministerio ecclesiae*). And true, Paul knew Priscilla who is said to have been so learned as to have converted Apollos and who accompanied Paul to Ephesus. But from this how is it possible then to infer with certainty that "it would have been ludicrous to imagine that Paul would ever have suggested that Priscilla should consult her husband at home on questions (1 *Cor.*, 34-35)." These damaging and damning verses (to Paul's reputation and to respect for women) may, Joan Morris suggests, be "a likely interpolation," because they do not always appear in the same place in a number of Greek and Old Latin manuscripts. Here the doubts about the placement cannot obscure the force of those few words. To conclude that these and other anti-feminist passages are the work of anonymous scribes, and that poor St. Paul "has been maligned" is a charity that other evidence does not support. "He has been made to appear to hold opinions he did not have. The truth will not remain hidden forever," says Joan Morris. Perhaps not. But to date there is no evidence that, in the words of Richard the Second we have "but mistook him all this while."

But the rest of the book is sound. The age of authority vested in women came to an abrupt end when, during the final months of the 18-year-long Council, permission was given to bishops to intervene in the affairs and administration of monasteries and convents, to the extent of subjecting them to tithes and taxes. It had been their freedom from episcopal control that had given the woman-heads of their houses the power to exercise the duties of a bishop—spiritual and temporal jurisdiction (***nullius diocesis or praelatura nullius*** in Canon law). Now bishops were given control over hitherto exempt orders; the abbess' responsibility for her nuns was removed. And in addition, the abbesses who had traveled widely to visit and check on their *eigenkirche* (widely dispersed churches) were now, by decree, to remain enclosed. Now the hidden history was over:

> The post-Trentine theologians sought to establish the inability of abbesses to hold spiritual jurisdiction on the basis of their inability to be ordained to the order of the priesthood; but they violated historical facts by denying that women were ordained as clerical members in the Canoness Institutes to say the Divine Office, the part of the church service that did not entail touching the blessed Eucharist.

Joan Morris' conclusion is that "there has been an authentic tradition of women's service to the church" and that "there is no reason why women

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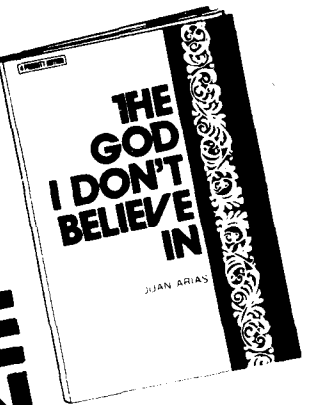

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should not hold a type of responsibility today similar to that of quasi-episcopal status of abbesses in the past." Even more impressive is her suggestion, on the last page and therefore a bit tentative, that nothing now stands in the way of the full ordination of women to the consecration of the Eucharist except "a quite erroneous scientific understanding of genetics. It would be ridiculous to continue a tradition based on such a fallacy. To maintain that only men can represent Christ in the act of sacrifice is carrying an analogy too far. If only men can represent Christ, then only women can represent the Church—the spouse of Christ."

Touché.

The Death and Life of Malcolm X

PETER GOLDMAN

Harper & Row, $8.95

One Day When I Was Lost

JAMES BALDWIN

Dial, $7.50

BRUCE COOK

He was born Malcolm Little and died El-Hajj Malik El-Shabazz. In between, for not much over a decade of his adult life, he was known to America and the rest of the world as Malcolm X: "Ex-Smoker. Ex-Drinker. Ex-Christian. Ex-Slave." He was the Black Muslim's man in Harlem—angry, vituperative, as eloquent as he was frightening in his rage, the man who came to be thought of as the very nemesis of white America.

As such, through most of his public life, he played an important though rather negative role in the great black civil rights struggle of the late Fifties and Sixties. Malcolm X was the threat wielded by moderates such as Martin Luther King, Whitney Young and Bayard Rustin. When the white establishment became recalcitrant in negotiations, Malcolm was always there, his cold hawk eyes flashing, preaching the right of blacks to bear arms in self-defense, calling for the case of the American Negro to be put before the United Nations, scaring the pants right off the millions of whites who watched him faithfully on television. Yes, that was his medium. He may have had a solid street constituency in Harlem, at least in the beginning, but he barely set foot in the South, and was known to blacks in other Northern cities only as he was known also to the whites—as that bad nigger on the tube. It was all in the interpretation you put on that word "bad."

It's *that* Malcolm X—the public man, white America's *bête noire* (pardon the pun)—that Peter Goldman presents in *The Death and Life of Malcolm X*. It is a book somewhat less comprehensive than its title would indicate, yet one that one that within its limits is almost exhaustively crammed with detail. Goldman, a writer for *Newsweek*, was one of the army of newsmen who followed Malcolm about, taking down his off-the-cuff remarks during daily raps on Harlem street corners, calling him for comment when newsbreaks came, covering his speeches, creating and re-creating for him the role he played day after day.

Yet Malcolm was not satisfied with the role in which he had been cast—not the one assigned him by the media, nor perhaps even with the one which his master, Elijah Muhammed, had given him. He was capable of change. Nobody realized that until the odd and unexpected break came between him and Allah's Last Messenger. What precipitated it? Envy and suspicion, probably. But as the scenario developed between them, it was Malcolm's reckless "chickens-coming-home-to-roost" remark on John F. Kennedy's assassination that Mr. Muhammed chose as the occasion for the split. Malcolm X was suspended and silenced as a minister of the Nation of Islam.

Fully three-quarters of *The Death and Life of Malcolm X* concerns what happened to him in the brief time left following that suspension and his assassination early in 1965. It seems that Goldman has set himself the task of delineating the changes in him, thus suggesting the sort of black leader he might have become had he survived to the present.

Under Mr. Muhammed's ban Malcolm managed to remain quiet longer than anyone expected. However, when

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REVIEWERS

KENNETH S. DAVIS is the author of *FDR: The Beckoning of Destiny 1882-1928* (Putnam's).

DORIS GRUMBACH is Literary Editor of *The New Republic*.

BRUCE COOK, the author of *Listen to the Blues* (Scribner's), is on the staff of the *National Observer*.

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he did break the silence imposed on him, he came out roaring accusations of moral turpitude against the Messenger himself—accusations that ultimately proved his undoing. Perhaps as much as these his pilgrimage to Mecca and the fundamental alteration it brought in his beliefs angered the Black Muslims and brought their retribution upon him. He had a sort of vision of the brotherhood of mankind there in Mecca, as he mixed among Muslims of every color from every corner of the world. What he wrote home of it disturbed not only his new enemies, the followers of Elijah Muhammed, but a few of his old friends, as well. It was such a change that Malcolm himself felt a little uneasy because of it and refused, once he had returned to America, to alter his hard-line stance by much. When chided on this by James Farmer of CORE, Malcolm explained, "You're enough of a politician to know that if a leader makes a right-angle turn, he turns alone."

He didn't turn alone. He kept a loyal following of modest numbers there in Harlem right to the end. There are signs, Peter Goldman suggests, that his appeal had broadened somewhat and that he had begun to attract black political radicals since he had left behind the narrow sectarianism of the Black Muslims. But this is only speculation, for he died before any of this could really take shape, gunned down on a Harlem platform in 1965 before his followers by three men members of Muhammed's Nation of Islam. *The Death and Life of Malcolm X* contains a meticulous account of the police investigation and trial that convicted the three. It gives shape to the book, though it can add no more real meaning to a life so senselessly abbreviated.

But the story of the murder investigation, a record of his conflict with Elijah Muhammed, and an account of the change in his thinking and feeling during the last two years of his life—none of this adds up to a real biography. And as complete and excellent a book as it is on its own terms, *The Death and Life of Malcolm X* does not really deliver what the title promises. To find out about the man, who he was, and how he got that way, the best book is still *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*, written with black journalist Alex Haley, one of the best "ghosted" works ever written.

James Baldwin's screenplay adaptation of the Haley book, now published as *One Day When I Was Lost*, is no substitute for the original. Unfortunately, it is not much worth reading at all, except for those who have a special interest in Baldwin's career and its curious downward spiral during the last years. What ever has happened to him, anyway? He seems to have become increasingly isolated from America and its problems, perhaps even from himself, during the 1960s. This screenplay, about which there was a lot of talk just a few years ago, may have been a last major effort on his part to come to terms with something important in his own life. Perhaps on this level Baldwin has succeeded—or else why let us see it at all? He certainly has not written a produceable script. It is, first of all, about twice as long and three times as talky as any movie would dare be today. Secondly—and more important—it carries no sense of story with it at all. It would, I think, be utterly incomprehensible to one who had not read the Haley book. All in all, it was probably unwise of Baldwin to publish *One Day When I Was Lost*, for it adds nothing to Malcolm and can only detract from its author's reputation.

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(Continued from page 27)

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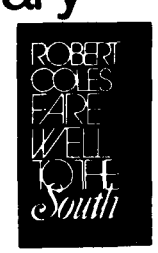

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